



DECEIT(1)



👁 15 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Osama Muhammed

I couldn't think of anything to do in such a boring art lesson, except to sharpen my pencil to the size of my nail. Other than that, I was thinking...my father. Who recently died a few days ago in an alleyway. That's the only thing the police told us nothing else. It was bizarre because my father told me that me or him should NEVER go through an alleyway. Even if it was a few meters for a shortcut to our house. His funeral was meant to be yesterday but it was 'canceled'. I've never heard of a funeral that was canceled.

"Mike!" Mrs Grant shouted

I quickly scammed the board and answered.

"That's scribble shading Mrs"

"Thank you Mike, but I only asked you to work" She said in a deep voice.

4.40pm

I arrived at the Funeral and saw 4 Men in black with pitch black shades, White gloves. One of the men saluted to a huge lorry. My eyes pierced his belt.

He had a GUN.

"You must be Mike!" It was one of those Men

"Yes, yes I am"

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5.00pm

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I was in hospital after I collapsed and I was given my second gun and another second salute. They said it was nothing got to do with my body or health just a shock. A

heart attack.

6.00pm

The Funeral ended I only saw a hint of it but in that hint was something totally out of the blue. I couldn't help it. I didn't go to school for a few weeks and my grades were slowly leaking.

"Alex, it is weird isn't it, dad never wanted to even glance at an alleyway." My mum spoke in a bitter voice.

I couldn't reply.

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